UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1222.

Original Poetry.

LINES,

Written on the Death of Mrs. B——, Bristol, Ct.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SAT. POST.

C. C.

Original Tales.

NOW OR NEER.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE SATURDAY POST.

BY MRS. A——

A Sea Story.

BARING OF THE OSIRIS.

BY EZEKIEL JONES, ESQ.

Bank Note List

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SAT. POST
BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS,
No. 56 South Third Street.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Selected Poetry.

THE EVENING SIGNAL.

flame, which seemed, Ezekiel, in that lonely darkness, as if it had caught a light from the stars. While we looked, it smoulder'd down and fell, and there was no more of the old Osiris left, but just a little reflection on the water and sky, more sparkle than light, such as when we were on the top of the waves.

"We heard a deep groan from the poor condemned wretch. "Not a thing happened in a merry voice, putting her his hand, 'I'm going, God bless you, William Sunbury, be clever and civil,' says he, 'and keep a hind in a good mind, and a think of the best threw him forward upon our backs. We set him upright again. He was dead.

"We launched the dead body into the sea, for there ain't room for one thing or room with the dead, in a boat having have eaten enough, and we didn't want the sun to rise and show us the dreadful object again. Let was just the middle of the night, and so as was I, for we compared reckonings, and he found out that of the companions they had, from my being by the sun, and my being more used to the stars. So you see, Ezekiel, what I got by doing my duty. If I'd a felt that poor negro, to be sure he wouldn't have been there to-night, but how was I to know that? *And if I had* left him, who'd have cleared my character? I might have never seen land at every till I was black in the face, and nobody believe it.

"Human nature can't stand every thing, and I was both full sailor.

"What awful dreams I had that night; but all of them were not so bad as the reality, when I was awake the first day after the burning. I shook Lot, and when I broke to the awful truth that we were all alone in the wide ocean. He shouted up the cupsful that we had been fastened to the launch, and found it had fretted off! Our shipmates and in the launch, as they call themselves, had not noticed it, or if they did, had not been able to make or reach us. And there we were all alone, for not a speck could we see on the wide water.

"It's time to make a long story short, and that night was the worst. What awful dreams I had that night; but all of them were not so bad as the reality, when I was awake the first day after the burning. I shook Lot, and when I broke to the awful truth that we were all alone in the wide ocean. He shouted up the cupsful that we had been fastened to the launch, and found it had fretted off! Our shipmates and in the launch, as they call themselves, had not noticed it, or if they did, had not been able to make or reach us. And there we were all alone, for not a speck could we see on the wide water.

"Of course," says I, "you found Emily and made it all up."

"*I found her in her grave*, Zekiel."

Here poor old Bill fairly gave up trying to talk and buried his face in his handkerchief. It ain't every day that you see a man cry, and when you do, it's something to remember. It's heart to interest. It's catching, too, and I had more than half a notion to cry myself, or must let it take its turn, but I kept it back, somehow. After a while Bill looked up, and began again:

"She'd died and been buried, Zekiel. The crew of the Leopard, by a vessel homeward up in the bay, all burning at the Osiris, and the burning Mr. Lamb and William Winthrop, and the cook, had been in all the papers, and got out to verses before we got there to contradict our part of the story.

"Up to the time the news came, Emily had been a dying just like what any other young girl would. She up and bladed all about the letter, and said I wrote it because she grew out of the sack, and that she didn't want nothing about me, and never, never went on so, for as is a long-shore fellow spark has about, and he began to think he was so good as none of the best.

"But when the news of the burning of the ship came, he knew that was a mistake, and she found she was true. She never held up her head after that. You may be sure that the story about me and the ship a-fire got into the papers, but seeing that she read the whole 'narrative,' they called it, as soon as she could, for crying; and she declared that she didn't believe a word of my stealing liquor, to the day of her death. —And the last word she said, was,—'William.'"

"Now, Zekiel" said Bill, bedding up my pillow for me, "How about this letter?"

He'd cramped and twisted it all up, while he was thinking of Emily, and I had to fit to send any where. I took and tore it up.

"That's your letter," says Bill, with a sing on my shoulder, "and all sing again. "Never you write an unkind letter, and you'll never have any need to mind how what'll happen to you a day before hand."

Army & Navy.

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.—The following promotions and appointments are officially announced in the Army:

Promoted.—William Jamieson, to be a Captain; Eagle, to be a Commander; John Cassin Henry, to be Lieutenant; William A. Warne, do.; James S. Biddle, do.; C. R. Perry Jenkins, do.; James Withers Reed, do.; Washington A. Bartlett, do.; Francis Winslow, do.; Charles A. Hassler, to be a Surgeon.

Appointed.—James Hampton, to be a Assistant Surgeon: Charles H. Oakley, do.; Bernard Henry, Jr. do.; Robert T. Marcuse, do.; Wm. A. Bellows, do.; Richard K. Hall, do.; Charles J. Semple, to be a Purser; James H. Walmsough, do.

☞ The U. S. Sloop-of-war Vandalia, arrived off Hampton Dec. 6th, and after obtaining supplies, proceeded on her cruise.

☞ The U. S. ship Columbia, Capt. Gesinger, was at Gibraltar, November 18, and went to sea the same day.

☞ The new sloop of war, the St. Mary's, on her voyage to Norfolk, sailed 110 miles in eight hours.

New York City.

☞ A gang of Counterfeiters were arrested in New York on Thursday week, and original plates of the Hampden (Mass.) Bank found in their room, and a number of counterfeits splendidly executed. The persons who were engaged in the affair are already well known to the police, and a large portion of their connections are now in the State prisons in various parts of the country. One of those is brother of the notorious Honora Norgrave, now in the State Prison at Sing Sing, for passing counterfeit money.

☞ The Italian Opera, in New York, during the present season, has received $5,127, being an average of $410 for each representation, while, according to the estimates of the company, it requires $650 per night to pay the expenses. The opera does not appear, from the statement of the treasury, to be very liberally patronized.

☞ The knot of the largest American packet ever tied, has just been tied in New York. She is to run in the London line, and will take 1,300 tons.

☞ The House of Representatives of Missouri has passed a bill for the appointment of a committee of thirteen to report a bill for distributing the State for the election of Representatives to Congress.

☞ Thirty-six ship carpenters of New Bedford, Mass., have resolved to build a ship on their own account, to cost about twelve thousand dollars.

☞ Imprisonment for debt, unaccompanied by fraud, or for a million *less* in time of peace, is prohibited in the constitution recently framed for Iowa.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 28.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person who will send us Ten Dollars in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post, and one of the two premiums.

FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the premiums.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the two premiums.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and both premiums.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Godey's Magazine, and either of the premiums.

For TEN DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Godey's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Before another copy of the Post is laid under the reader's eye, we shall have taken a long step towards changing a figure. The years are fast piling up their records against the time when all the Christian world will look back to sum up the events of the first half of the Nineteenth Century of the Christian Era; the first century, it may be remembered, that has come to hand since birth was dated, obtained so considerable and happy an influence over nations that a thirty years' peace concluded the leading nations of the earth from the general war that happened. Heaven grant that in 1850 we may look back upon still uninterrupted progress in the march of civilization, which is at once the child and the servant of Christianity!

And while we contemplate this subject with so much pleasure, we may be pardoned a little pride that our Nation bears in the front rank of its founder, that of him, the great modern apostle of peace, who had, despite his prejudices against the great moral enterprise to advance the political heresy that nations need no more engage in war than individuals in single combat, that treaties do not require arms to secure their performance, nor oaths to bind the parties; that Christian love and charity are not mere ornamental words, to be used in a time of peace, and forgotten in practice; and, in a word, that those who profess to be followers of the Prince of Peace should act as well as speak according to his precepts. It is not to be denied that in William Penn and his followers, the world in its small measure indebted for the great change which now makes it necessary to lengthen the old practice of seeking pretexts for war, and to fall in with the modern necessity of making the best apology possible, for the disturbance of peace. The name of William Penn will be remembered with gratitude by these statements, as I relate, who have sought war for its own sake or for the gain of distinction or plunder, the principal stones of the city, and Clement street in particular, were crowded with happy people, studying the numerous specimens of taste in the windows, and exchanging the greetings of the holiday season with each other. We were sorry to see the absence of old faces—particularly of the younger portion of our people, than gladded the eye, and warmed the heart on this occasion. The day was fine, and bright, and the air, though rarefied, is highly harbingered in, was observed as the various tastes and opinions of our citizens prompted them—but with all, except those who had private woes to endure, it was a most cheerful holiday.

As our Christmas Gift to the reader, we offer the following charming Poem, by Longfellow. It is extracted from a volume of his poems, recently published, and will be read by all Christians with a thrill of devout pleasure

CHRISTMAS.

This festival came in delightfully. The storm which promised on Monday in max out-door enjoyment, cleared away at night, and Tuesday was a most brilliant prelude to a winter day—quite as charming on Wednesday. On Christmas Eve, as is customary in Philadelphia, the principal streets of the city, and Clement street in particular, were crowded with happy people, studying the numerous specimens of taste in the windows, and exchanging the greetings of the holiday season with each other. We were sorry to see the absence of old faces—particularly of the younger portion of our people, than gladded the eye, and warmed the heart on this occasion. The day was fine, and bright, and the air, though rarefied, is highly harbingered in, was observed as the various tastes and opinions of our citizens prompted them—but with all, except those who had private woes to endure, it was a most cheerful holiday.

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MURDER AT LAST,

Our readers have from time to time noticed accounts of the riotous proceedings of the Anti-Rent Party," in the State of New York. The legal executive officers have been mobbed and maltreated in various ways, and property destroyed, until the Judicial district have been compelled to join in the shout, "down with the rent!" on pain of maltreatment. Recently, a constable in Columbia county, New York, was murdered in cold blood, by one of the Anti-Rent party, assembled in a meeting at Claverack, Columbia county, in the 18th inst., and Jesse Hildreth was there as a spectator, named Rosenburgh. He had spoken against the proceedings, as to sell, and was requested by the friends of the Judicial district to leave the meeting. He refused, and the Indian presented his pistol and repeated the shot, which missed fire. Hildreth, the Indian shot him through the body, and he expired immediately. The Indians thereupon broke up their meeting and dispersed. "Big Thunder" and two of his associate Indians, have been arrested, and are in jail. We sincerely trust that no Jury, packed or quibbles will prevent full justice from being done to those men,—for they are in the eye of equity and justice, guilty of murder, committed in the most cold-blooded manner, in the presence of assembled citizens, and violence is committed, and the offenders by and repeatedly, all who aid the offenders by their presence, are accountable.

Since the above was in type, we have received further particulars of the design of those disorderly men. It appears that "Big Thunder" is a Dr. Broughton, and that "Little Thunder" is a Mr. Bowser, from the town of Antrim. It is further stated that the murder above related will be claimed as the act of Broughton and Bowser, Dr. Broughton attempted to fire on his captors when they arrested him, we should think that he deserved to be hung for a second accident. Nor can the cold blooded and brutal murder, mentioned in the Troy Budget, of Friday, be passed over under that classification. The Budget says:

A party of thirty of the "Anti-Renters," disguised as Indians, came, yesterday assembled at the house of Mr. Elijah Smith, of the town of Grafton, in this county, and, by force took from the house Smith and the "Indians" have had difficulties for some time past. The Indians then proceeded to the place of murder last evening.

Accounts from Hudson state that great excitement prevails in that city and neighborhood. The citizens are collecting an attack from the anti-renters, as they have sent word for re-inforcements to come to the assistance of the Anti-Rent Party, and two companies from Albany are expected to-day.

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THE RANDOLPH WILL.

Our readers are aware that the will of the celebrated and eccentric John Randolph, of Roanoke, has been the subject of a most unfortunate shell matter for litigation among the heirs, ever since it was first offered for probate. The question is now, we believe, in the hands of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the decision of that tribunal is awaited with much interest. Now, we undertake to say, that if a man "wandering in dreams" is proof of insanity, that Randolph was a man in the world's list of sound and disposing mind and memory.

THE NEW POST OFFICE BILL.

The Post Office Committee in the House of Representatives have reported a bill to reduce the rate of postages, and for other purposes, which, it is thought by those competent to judge, will pass the House, at least. The following are said to be its principal features: It reduces the rates of postage to 5 cents for 500 miles, and ten cents for any greater distance; and greatly diminishes the postage on newspapers and periodicals. The Treasury is to receive $1,000,000 annually for five years, as an equivalent for the transportation of the public correspondence; after which it is to pay the same postage on prison letters. The penal sections of the bill of the last session are preserved in this, but reduction of postage is a further guarantee against postage offense than any penal enactment can be.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

A law has passed the popular branch of the New Hampshire Legislature, making railroads "highways" in all cases where such corporations choose to adopt its provisions; and establishing three commissioners, to be appointed by the Governor, to decide finished of the Legislature) whose the public good requires made to be located, and to take land in all such cases, whether the owner gives his consent or not.

THE DIFFERENCE.

At the close of the Revolutionary War, the salaries of Massachusetts Senators and Members of the House, united, was $20,000,000. Now the salaries of Massachusetts alone is $200,000, or about the City of Boston owns $10,000,000.

A DESPERADO.

On Monday morning, a man whose name it appears is Andrew Klees, was discovered piling straw and wood against the door of a house in 16th street, between Race and Arch streets, which he had set fire. Upon some of the neighbors coming to the spot, Klees retreated into the house, which was within three yards of the other house.

The cry of murder was heard from the burning house, and the inmates being hitherto in a bed about twelve years of age was taken out. He stated that his mother and a child were still in the building. The roof of the house had been broken in, and the woman and child taken out. The woman was insensible, and was so badly burned about the upper, arms and face, that there is little chance of her recovery. The child was not much burned—the woman having, with the utmost instinct of a mother, covered it with her own body. It was, however, nearly suffocated with smoke. The name of the injured woman is Hackle, and the name of the injured child is Hackle. The woman was severely injured on the day previous, by a stone thrown by this desperado.

Klees is the same fellow, had fastened himself in his house, within a few steps of the dwelling he had fired, and having armed himself with a gun, pistols and whale lance, refused to surrender. An exasperated mob immediately surrounded the house, but he kept them at bay for a long time, by making desperate threats with his weapons at all who approached; and it was not one arrival of a party of police, who attacked him in front and rear, that he was finally seized and secured. The miscreant is described as a surly ill-natured fellow, and is said to have Indian blood in his veins. He had built a high fence round his shanty, made a new entrance, and would not admit visitors except after dark, when the lowest grades, principally colored, were seen entering. He has been under bonds for some time for keeping a saloon. It is stated that the desperado believed that by acting in the manner that he did, he would become a dread, and prevent people living as near him.

DIVORCES.

The facility with which divorces may be obtained in several of the States has long been a subject of complaint, on account of its evil tendency upon morals; but we perceive that there are symptoms of a change in this particular. The present House of Representatives has passed a resolution, by a vote of 97 to 37, that the Legislature has not the constitutional power to grant divorces.

There is an anecdote in point which is worth the reading at all times, and of which we have no doubt whatever, as a gentleman who was in some sense a party, related it to us. A man named Florida desired to get rid of his wife, and wrote to a member of the territorial legislature expressing that end. That gentleman replied by mail, as follows: "Come over night in the evening, while the Legislature is in session, absolutely sober, and be sure to get back, duly sobered by the cool air, before you return *mail on the same evening*, party or probably less time than the distance."

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MEXICAN INDEMNITY.

The impression has been current that the instalments of the Mexican indemnity have been paid on the fall due—but this, it seems, is not so. On the 1st of September last, a note was addressed by Mr. Green, the late Secretary of Legation, at Mexico, and who is now at his post in Washington, informs Mr. Calhoun, in a note written on the 17th inst. as follows —"The fact is, that various orders for the pecuniary were sent to the agent appointed to receive the instalments, but he could receive no payment on these orders up to the day when Mr. Trigueros left the Treasury Department, and the first act of his successor was to suspend the payment of all orders."

A TALL CIRCUS.

The Parisians are getting ready to patronize a new place of amusement, on a gigantic scale. It is a Panorama of London, to be opened next in January, and the establishment is to be called *The Hyprodrome*. In its arrangements, which are on a scale of great magnificence, it will recall, as its programme states, the ancient Roman circus. We do not hear of lion fights, but the chariot and foot-races, triumphal marches, equestrian exercises, and other entertainments of the same description. The scenes will be painted on the walls of the amphitheatre, and on the galleries of the two extremities, and in the centre of the two ends, will be the arena, to be sheltered from the sun and rain; and the performances are to take place between the hours of three and five in the afternoon. It is expected that this new place of amusements will be completed in April.

A QUESTION SETTLED.

Many of the importers have discovered a leak in the revenue laws, through which they have been enabled to defraud the Government of large sums. The case which has just occurred but the Supreme Court has decided against the claim of the merchants. It was asserted that there was no law for the collection of revenue from the 30th of *June*, 1842, to the 30th of August, when the present tariff was passed, which is improperly set against the Collector of Baltimore, to recover the back duties paid in that time, as having been exacted without law. The case came up in the Supreme Court last week, when the Court sustained the Collector and decided that such duties were lawfully collected, and that the regulations of the treasury for their collection were authorized and proper.

NORTH BRANCH.

The Danville Democrat says that the tolls collected this season on the North Branch Canal show a large increase over those of last year, having reached the sum of $50,242 36, while last year they only reached $35,135 36, showing an increase of $15,054 00 in favor of the present year. The Democrat predicts that the North Branch in a few years will be one of the most profitable lines of Pennsylvania Canals, and that it will not be far distant when it will be extended into the State of New York, according to its original design, and thus open a new outlet for the immense masses of iron and coal, in which the Susquehanna valley abounds.

A CALCULATOR.

The English papers say, that a Dr. Roth has completed an automaton calculator in England, which surpasses the automaton chess player, invented by Mr. Maelzel. It performs all the operations of arithmetic from simple addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division of numbers, or of pounds shillings and pence, in vulgar and decimal fractions, involutions and evolutions, and arithmetical and geometrical progressions; it appears particularly adapted for stocking long calculations of quantities; for conveyancing, for merchants' counting-houses, or for government officers. This story is altogether too tough, we "calculate."

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A TRUE NOBLEMAN.

While one of the Second Steamers was lying at the wharf in Newport, on Tuesday afternoon, a passenger fell overboard, and fell between the boat and the wharf. His fate attracted the attention of Mr. Geo. W. Williams, a passenger, who instantly leaped over the side of the boat, and after considerable difficulty, succeeded in rescuing the drowning man. Mr. Williams is a man of the third life Mr. Williams has saved during the year. Mr. W. better deserves the name of life preserver than any man we know, and is perpetuated in nautilus.

THE TELEGRAPH.

We perceive by the papers that the work is going forward rapidly in the line of magnetic telegraph to Boston from New York. It is to be done by private enterprise. The telegraph between Philadelphia and Baltimore is now in operation, and that between this city and Baltimore will be immediately commenced also, and that it will be done by the Government, in the most wonderful invention—to rather application of known principles, will immortalize the name of Mr. Morse; and posterity will honor him in the world than anything which happened since the invention of printing.

WESTERN EXTRAVAGANCE.

We are often much amused at the extravagant expressions which abound in the dispatches of the West, and occasionally find their way into newspapers. The latest specimen we have seen is the declaration of Scatman, who is the great lord and leader of the Western country the other day, said that he had "known the Mississippi river since it was a small creek!" The Ohio runs, in which the anecdote is printed, and that clasp must be "the silent river."

THE EXTRA SESSION.

In our last we expressed a doubt whether there would be an extra session of Congress. The movement of affairs at Washington seems to indicate that an extra session will be called—at least that an extra session will be called by the writers. One ground of this opinion seems to be the disposition which the present Congress, to avoid the settlement of some prominent questions, and adhere to be determined by the next Congress.

A BAD MISTAKE.

A gentleman of this city, whose sterling worth is equalled upon by a self-appointed deputation of the people. They seized an individual who bore a strong resemblance to the gentleman referred to, and it was not until after they had dragged his back in the most sensible manner to the Mayor's Florida decided to get rid of his wife, and wrote to a member of the territorial legislature expressing that end. That gentleman replied by mail, as follows: "Come over night in the evening, while the Legislature is in session, absolutely sober, and be sure to get back, duly sobered by the cool air, before you return *mail on the same evening*, party or probably less time than the distance."

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DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

On Saturday, the 14th inst., as the steamer Belle, of Nashville, was going up the Mississippi, she came in collision with the Louisiana, near Memphis. The Belle was cut in two complete wreck, and, thirty-one lives were lost! Sixteen of the unfortunates were negroes.

WILMINGTON.

We are pleased to learn that the continued prosperity of the beautiful city of Wilmington. Upwards of one hundred handsome brick houses have been put up during the present year. Rents continue high, and the demand for houses as great as ever.

SCHUYLKILL COAL.

The amount of coal transported from the Schuylkill region this season is 833,214 tons.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES Of the Old World.

NUMBER SEVEN.

GLASGOW—EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh, August 8, 1844.

After returning from the Burns' Festival, we took a walk around the city, to get some idea of the place, as we were to leave next morning for Edinburgh. It appears to me to have more of a town appearance than Liverpool, is smaller, and is besides, a handsomer city. We took one of the principal streets which led down to the Clyde, filled with all sorts of business houses. With some feats as to the safety of our pockets in such a crowd, we went on, and soon came to the quay, where a great deal of which were two theatres, the inte.mediate space filled with people, and the whole scene of as strange a character that I suppose could be witnessed at. At the bottom of the square were three or four high booths erected, painted red decorated with all sorts of wheels, which were filled with women in Turkish dress, were dancing, in the others music and shows of various kinds. There were all sorts of shows going on in the crowd, and the only advantage of persons paying the entrance fee of one penny, was to have a better view. There were also a great many showmen with tables of fruit, and in the dense mass, the real light of the fantastic new, and the dark, and the dirty, and the ragged, and the rich an Eastern character, that I assured to have been suddenly transported to the Orientals.

Next morning we went up to see the University and the Cathedral, which are on rising ground, in the old part of the city. The former is a large, handsome building, in High Street; it was first established by one of the Bishops of Glasgow, as far back as the year 1450. At the head of the square stands the large and valuable Museum, left by the celebrated Dr. Hunter, but we had only time to glance at the outside. The latter stands on the hill to the Cathedral, at the eastern end of the city, standing beside the Necropolis, a beautifully ornamented cemetery, crowded with many fine monuments, among which is one to the memory of Knox. It is a great square pile, at the end of Tongate Street, and is in the Gothic roughhaw of Glasgow, are monuments to Knox and Wallace there. They should erect one to Campbell also, for few Britons have done so much. Cathedral is a large, massive, imposing building, and has a fine old-fashioned look, the greater part having been constructed at the close of the twelfth century. It has under the choir a large crypt, the arches of which demonstrated the Dripping Aisle, from the ecclesiastical dripping of water from the roof.

Hustling through one of these, we passed into the enormous chimney of one of the manufactories on our way back to the depot, which is spoken of by every one as the greatest lion of the city. It is said to be four hundred feet in height. The view here to pass a spur of the Highlands, and a long range of the Grampians, which, in many places, I saw gorges of vermin, stretching in the hills, to Falkirk, where we had taken the road to Highly delighted; and we remembered the verses of music to take heed that they be no means forego the opportunity to judge for ourselves from the top of the tower. I viewed it with interest, from having seen the birth-place of Queen Mary. In the streets of the town, the Cross, which is in progress, is pompously called, Regent Murray was shot.

Soon after words we saw Edinburgh Castle, on the Gaelic, rising up so precipitously from the plain, reminded me very much of Stirling. Near this city the railroad passes over a magnificent bridge of red granite, across the valley of Almond Water. It consists of thirty-six arches, each of fifty feet span, and from sixty to eighty feet high. The approach to the city from this side is not at all interesting, and gives one no idea of the extent and splendor of its streets. We entered immediately upon the new town, into a street that looked like a row of palaces, all the houses being built of the finest white granite. Sometimes the passage is so sensitive as a square, with a fine park in the centre. Some distance on, we came to a statue of Pitt, from the street of Chancellor—best man of George IV., by the same, but by no means so fine a figure; it had a good expression, differing widely from the usual one-sided make-up of Pitt. Looking down a cross street, I saw a very fine granite building in the style of the Parthenon, and concluded that it was the Edinburgh Academy. It is made to be the most wonderful structure in the world, and had a view of the magnificent mountain, the scenery of Scott, in the presence of which I was. Soon after this, we came to the Castle, which is in the centre of which was a lofty pillar, built for by a statue of Lord Melville, and a fine church, before which was a statue of Sir Walter Scott, because figure of the Earl of Bright I, we call beside his charger. Really, "by" because it is the most elegant piece of the kind I have seen. It contains two monuments, one of Scott and Burns, with one at the top of glaring red building, the Government, and it does have been accidentally discovered by the Duke of Athens of the North," and its pictorial appearance, which, being so beautiful and enlarged public gratification, and its benevolence, exhibited in a multitude of good deeds to the poor, and many honors conferred upon him, and its many monuments to his memory, he is the hearts that have been cheered thereby, secured to him a respect and an interest beyond those which are usually paid to the author; and yet wealth, the result of his skill as a tradesman, created for him neither envy nor dislike. He had acquired it by its virtues; and the means by which he gathered his property, served to enrich thousands, and enable the families of the industrious to rise to stations arising from employment which his liberal enterprise provided.

Of course, a New England.—The "Sons of New England" celebrated the anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, by a dinner at the Washington House, on Monday evening. The table was sumptuously spread, not forgetting York and beans, and other Yankee delicacies. The Hon. Samuel Rook, the President of the Society, presided, assisted by the two Vice Presidents, S. H. Perkins, Esq., and Joseph R. Chandler. The Rev. Dan. Tyng and Parker were present. The former invoked a blessing, and the latter, at the removal of the cloth, returned thanks. After the regular toasts by Rev. Dr. Tyng, Mr. Chandler, Rev. R. W. Griswold, the Presidents of other Beneficial Societies, and several other gentlemen.

PARDONED.—James Murphy, who has been confined in Moyamensing prison some months, charged with being a fugitive from justice from the State of New York, on the charge of forgery, was discharged by Judge Parsons, in the Court of Quarter Sessions—the defendant having received a pardon from Gov. Brook.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Decline of Theatricals—The Opera —Vye Piece—Curious Verdicts— Serious Calamities—Lunatic Asylums—Guard Boats—Robbery— Royal Friends—Queen of Spain— Vye Indie Bill—Another Double suicide.

Bristol, England, Dec. 1, 1844.

There is certainly a wonderful decline in theatricals throughout the country. Not only do we hear that the Gloucester Theatre has been turned into a warehouse, and the Market Drayton Theatre into a lace—but also that George Robins, the famed auctioneer, has just sold a number of shares of the Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres, which cost £500 each, for £100; while admission shares, which cost £100, only brought five guineas! And yet, in the face of these facts, they say that a new theatre (under Macready, I believe,) is to be built in London, for what is called the "legitimate drama." Surely some people seem to be going mad. On the whole, however, the live ebb of theatricals may be hailed as a gratifying and renewing sign of the times—for although a good play always presents a good moral—yet the concomitants and externals of the theatre are uniformly filled with vice. We have lately supported previous pieces, and the one referred to in the heading of this letter is the most glaring instance of the kind. It is called "The Vye Indie Bill"—and is the production of Mr. Mark Lemon, the editor of the London Punch. The piece is a burlesque upon the Indian affairs, and is filled with the most disgusting and revolting scenes. Even the Queen's ended, that she might not behold the sickening mark of Barnley's cruelty. I was struck with the childlike, artless beauty of the face of a young girl, which I found was a pupil of Neil Gwynne.

From Holyrood commences the High Street, or Canongate, once the fashionable part of he city, which ascends gradually till it terminates at the Castle. About half-way up, opposite the South Bridge, across the ravine to the opposite, is the Parliament House of Scotland, and, to the left of the Church of St. Giles, which, with the Libraries, form, a square, in the centre of which is an equestrian statue of Charles II. I also has presented an opera, of which report speaks highly, at the Princess's Theatre, where it has been much interested in this Canongate, with its high old houses, and the quaint relics of the past which one meets everywhere in passing along it. We followed it to the Castle. In the large yard outside of the castle, passed another bronze statue, but by this time we had become so familiar with statues, that I only stopped to see that it was the Duke of York. The Castle with its walls and barracks, covers seven acres, and is surrounded on those sides by nearly perpendicular precipices; but strange as it appears, the precipice was soon ascended by the Scots at the time of Edward III., and has been the scene of many a fierce conflict. Around the Castle are fortifications, that I assured to have been suddenly transported to the Orientals.

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Local Intelligence.

MISS STONE.

The accomplished vocalist, from Boston, whose first appearance before a Philadelphia audience took place at the last Concert of the Philharmonic Society, has fully justified the high expectations which were entertained of her, both as a musician and an actress. She has appeared on one or two occasions since; and not only the scientific but the popular ear has been highly delighted; and we recommend the lovers of music to take heed that they be no means forego the opportunity to judge for themselves. It is unnecessary to say a word to those who have once heard her.

DOUBLE LUNCH.—On Saturday last were launched, from the ship yard of Mr. John Hamett, Kensington, the ship Tartar, of about 600 tons, owned by Messrs. Platte & Son, intended for the China trade, and to be commanded by Captain R. Lockwood—and also the barque Venetuela, of 250 tons, owned by Messrs. Dallett & Brothers; Captain C. Dill. For beauty of model, excellence of material, strength of fastening, and superiority of workmanship and finish, it is believed by competent judges, that these two vessels cannot be surpassed—more especially the Tartar—the name of which, is intended as a compliment to the imperial family of China.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

A large and respectable meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia, and especially those residing in the city and county of Philadelphia, was held in the Court House last evening, pursuant to public notice, for the purpose of expressing their opinion as to the propriety of the capital punishment. The meeting was called to order by John Sergeant, Esq., when on motion of George M. Dallas, Esq., assisted by a number of Vice Presidents and Secretaries. A series of resolutions were introduced by William D. Kelley, Esq., unanimously adopted.

Several able addresses were delivered by Mr. R. Tyson, Dr. Patterson, William D. Kelley, Thomas Earle, Rev. Mr. Maclaud, Dr. Goddard, and Dr. John A. Elkinton. A letter from Judge Kane, who was appointed—of which Henry S. Patterson, M.D., is Chairman—was also read by Mr. Kelley.

CONSOLIDATION.

The friends of the p lan of consolidating the city and districts under one government, have decided on an act, drawn up by a committee of their

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Notices of New W…

An Essay on the Philosophy of Mus… By Elisha Bartlett, M.D., Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.—This is a small volume, containing the substance of the introductory lectures delivered by Dr. Bartlett to the classes of Medical Philosophy, but to accommodate the public, has been somewhat enlarged by the first number of the present year. The author has endeavored to connect the true fundamental doctrines of the science of medicine with the principles of philosophy, and in the first part of the work, which is devoted to the consideration of the nature of physical science are, he says, "to be found the principles, the laws or two particulars, intended to form the basis of medical science, and the true doctrine of the philosophy of medicine, which is the primary proposition in medical science, from which all others flow and down."

Proposition First—All medical science is concentrated in the knowledge of the laws of life, and of the laws which influence the modifications, in one or two particulars, intended to form the basis of medical science, and the true doctrine of the philosophy of medicine, which is the primary proposition in medical science, from which all others flow and down.

Proposition Second—Each separate class of phenomena, or of the same class of phenomena, being, so far as they go, medical science, can be explained only by the laws of the class of phenomena to which they belong; and, therefore, no inference can be drawn from the laws of one class of phenomena to explain those of another class.

Proposition Third—An absolute law, or principle of medical science, consists in an absolute and unchangeable relation of cause and effect, established, by the law of which the science is composed, between the phenomena of life and the agents which influence, are, for the most part, not absolutely known.

Proposition Fourth—Empirical doctrines, established, are, in most instances, hypothetical explanations of the phenomena of life, in health and disease, and their relations, of medical science. These explanations consist of certain assumed principles of phenomena and relationships. They do not consist of absolute principles, and are, therefore, not to be regarded as absolutely independent of those explanations which are founded on the laws of life, and of the laws which influence it, and which are known by observation and experiment. The classification and arrangement of diseases, and the principles of treatment, are of secondary importance, and the degree of the similarities and differences of diseases, are of comparatively little importance.

Such are the author's propositions. In presenting and elaborating them his style is rapidly plain, and devoid of all ornament, and is well adapted to the purpose of conveying in direct and convincing, and we do not doubt, to the minds of many a highly useful lesson. Many of them have obtained a different issue, and under the guidance of different means, we do not doubt that many of the diseases by the way-side. He puts every thing to the test of proof, and rejects all that will not bear it. The different branches of medical knowledge are so intimately connected—as physiology from anatomy—that the whole must be studied in order to understand any part. The last inference of medical hypotheses consists of length, and consequently of obscurity, and of the latter—some of them. It must be considered as of the Doctor's duty to expose the errors of the schools. He is one of the most readable books for a physician out of the profession, for no one can read it without a desire to learn more about the subject. The conflict, between these principles, and the doctrines of the schools, is one of the most interesting of different schools in medicine, for the benefits which the author shows to have resulted from the study of the principles there laid out impartial hope for their benefits which they have contributed to the relief of suffering. Specimens of the style of the work, and numbers in the course of its regression, we copy the following passage:

The long contest between the priests of the ideal and the practical physicians, which has been carried on for so many centuries with Plato and Aristotle resulted, as far as the philosophy of medicine is concerned, in the triumph, not of practical medicine, but of the ideal, which has through succeed the steady and unbroken progress of medical science, and the practical art of medicine has been made. The conflict, however, between these principles, and the doctrines of the schools, is one of the most interesting of the degenerated and the empirics, resulted in the contempt of the true principles of medicine, and in the belief that its uncertainty is owing, more than any other, to the ignorance and incapacity of the medical profession. This sentiment is not confined to the ignorant and the credulous, it may be confidently said, or many years past it was to the physicians, and to the medical schools, and the indications are the commencement of the present, in the public mind, of a disposition to withdraw its confidence, in a great measure, from the medical profession, and to place it, in their place, of the more principles of medicine, which are based on the laws of life and disease. pp. 125-6.

We have not hastily glanced over some of the most features of this valuable and interesting work, and we strongly recommend it to the attention of the profession. Our limits would not permit this Journal conclude without recommending the perspicuity easy to all thoughts, and manner in which the author has treated a subject of science, so whose independent thought carries them to like a mind.

Philip Randolph. *A Tale of Virginia. By Mary Gertrude. New York. D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—This is a tale of the early history of Virginia, but the book was not before us, and we have not had time to examine it. The publishers, however, have given it a very handsome and graphic and like as to the execution of its character and manners, of the Aborigines the extinct Europeans. The work is dedicated to Mr. Bancroft, and we must, to have lived among the Indians, and to have known Agnes is her work, and one of which we have no doubt we will be interested and pleased with it.

The Columbian Magazine[New York: *Paul. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and T. B. Peterson.*]—We have received the first number of this work, which is a weekly serial on the race for science and literature, and which is to be published on Saturday, in the size and appearance and pleasure of the publication, and the contents in the January number, we consider the reading matter to be a good, and we hope it will continue so for the year, we find the earnest of continued and merited popularity.

Tales and Sketches. *By Mrs. Hodgson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—A volume of tales by the accomplished author of "Nina Balatka," and "Linda Tressel," consists of stories heretofore published in Magazines, &c., now more permanently preserved in book form. Among the contents we notice "Our Harry," "The Old Gold," "Daniel Frank," "The Post Office," and others.

The Parliament or Manners. *&c. By J. Stanley Grimes. New York: Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: J. H. Campbell.* Under at this work is entitled to be an exceedingly useful adopt a way of the social manners, and a proper guide for the young. We have not had time to examine it, but from what we have seen from the Arab population extends in a manner to the earths the desert, to the Soudan; that is to say, over a part of the Empire, of the Mediterranean, and of 3,000,000 of inhabitants, and 2,000,000 of Arabs, and which brings 25,000,000 of Arabs, and which brings 25,000,000 of Arabs, and which brings 25

Selected Poetry.

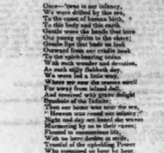
THE OCEAN.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

"It's always at sides sweather,
Though sometimes you'd never know
That same brave ocean of that immortal sea
That Columbus sailed so long ago.
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Tell me, brother, whoever we?
Spirit listening in the sea.
Spirit!
Half silent and half so loud,
Like a voice in a shell, my friend,
Sometimes I hear you speak,
Sometimes you seem
Dear—'twas in my infancy,
We were drifted by the wind
To the coast of human birth,
We were babes both, you and I.
Then we knew each other well,
Our young spirits to the shore;
Then we knew each other well,
Onward from our cradle beds
To the open deep with sails
With such wonder and devotion,
So much alike, and dear,
We were but a little way.
Before we got the use of reason
Far away from island soil.
Then we wandered on the bright
Fleckless sea of infancy.
Where we left our parents,
Where we left our native home,
Light and day our bound she weaves
Murmuring for us to their tunes,
Should we remember me,
Or the sky that hangs above us,
Tranquil as the upholding Power
Who commanded it to be?
Now we're wandered from the chart,
Forgotten by the stars and moon
Yet at times there comes a tone
Of thy voice familiar to me,
Whether we be together,
Whether we be far asunder,
Love us down to Ocean's verge?
There, are some souls, and I will never
Turning for the resurrection—
Some to starry destinations,
Hail loving earth—hail loving heaven,
Hail to God, our Father!
I'm impelled to turn to Him
And worship Him in love,
And sing my theme in Love
Great sea courage, then I'm,
To immortality and God—
And in thee, thou Forest Sea,
Love and love eternities.

The Legendary.



GIANT WITH THE GOLDEN HAIRS.

FROM APPLETON'S PRIZE STORY BOOK.

The waccance a poor man and his wife, and they had a son, of whom it was foretold that he should one day marry the king's daughter. The king heard of this, and when he found that the parents of the boy were very poor, he was ill pleased, and determined that he should never marry his daughter as he stood in such a position that it was doubtful whether they would sell him their son? "No," said they; but as the stranger were very hard, and said he would give a great deal of money for the child, and as they scarcely loved it as fat, they at last agreed, thinking to themselves, he is a lucky child, no harm will come to him.

The king took the child, put it into a box, and rode away; but when he came to a deep stream, he threw it into the water, saying to himself, "Now my daughter shall never have me for a husband." So the box floated down the stream, but as water reached the child, till at last it stopped at a mill-dam. The miller soon saw it, and took a long pole, and drew it toward the shore, and finding it was heavy, thought it was full of money; but when he opened it, he found a pretty little boy, all alive and kicking. Now the miller had his wife had no children, and therefore rejoiced to see the foundling, saying, "Heaven has sent it to us!" so they treated the boy very kindly, and brought him up carefully in virtuous principles.

About thirteen years afterward, the king came by chance to the mill, and asked the miller if that was his son. "No," said he, "I found him, when a baby, in a box in the mill-dam." "How long may it be," asked the king, "Some thirteen years," said the miller. "Indeed!" said the king; "can you spare him to carry a letter to the queen? it will give me much pleasure, and I will reward him well." The good miller was willing to please the king, "as your majesty pleases," said the miller.

Now the king had previously learned that this was the child whom he had tried to drown; and he wrote a letter by him to the queen, saying, "As soon as the bearer of this letter reaches you, give orders to kill and bury him, so that all may be over before I return."

The young man set out with this letter, but missed his way, and came in the evening to a great town. Though it was quite dark, he saw a light afar off, and directed his steps toward it, and found that it came from a little cottage. There was no one within except an old woman, who was frightened at seeing him, and said, "What brings you here, and whither are you going?" "I am going to the queen, to whom I am taking a letter; but I have lost my way, and shall be glad if you give me a night's rest." "You are very welcome," said she, "for this is a robber's hut; and if the robbers come back while you are here they will murder you." "I am so tired, however," replied he, "that I can go no farther;" so he laid the letter on the table, stretched himself upon a bench, and fell asleep.

When the robbers came home and saw him, they asked the old woman who the strange lad was. "I have given him shelter for charity," said she; "he has a letter to carry to the queen, but has lost his way." The robbers took up the letter, broke it open, and read the orders contained in it to murder the bearer. Then their leader tore it, and, thinking to play the king a trick, wrote another letter, desiring the queen, as soon as the young man reached her, to marry him to the king's daughter. Meantime they let him sleep on till morning, and then showed him the right way to the queen's palace, when, as soon as she had read the letter, made all ready for the wedding; and as the young man was very beautiful, the princess took him willingly for her husband, and they lived happily together.

After a time the king came back; and when he saw the prediction fulfilled, and that the child of fortune was married to the king's daughter, he asked eagerly how this had happened, and what his letter said. "Dear husband," said the queen, "here is your letter, read it for yourself." The king took it, and saw that another letter had been sent instead of his, asked his son-in-law why he had altered with the letter when he had given into his charge. "I know nothing of it," said he; "it must have been taken away by us while we slept. Then the king was in a great rage, and said, "I have given him shelter for charity," said she; "he has a letter to carry to the queen, but has lost his way." The robbers took up the letter, broke it open, and read the orders contained in it to murder the bearer. Then their leader tore it, and, thinking to play the king a trick, wrote another letter, desiring the queen, as soon as the young man reached her, to marry him to the king's daughter. Meantime they let him sleep on till morning, and then showed him the right way to the queen's palace, when, as soon as she had

UNI

SAMU

A FAMILY

VOLUME XXVI

Original Poe

ÆOLIAN MELODY

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES
BY W.H. RUSSELL, Jr.

What music is that which floats upon the b
As the hum of a bee 'mid the sun-molded
That drives from the heart each feeling
When the soul becomes dark with the cl

'Tis the music of nature,
List, list to her voice!
It comes with the zephyr
Lone bosom rejoice!

What music is that which floats upon the
'Till tear-drops of gladness unconsciously
That breathes in the blue lake, the bosk
Whose symphonies float over forest and

'Tis the music of nature!
It now swells by,
On the wing of the night-
That farewells the sky!

What music is that 'mid the green bough
That sweetly discourses of youth's sun
Which is sweeter than that of my wife's
And soweth like lingering echo's tone

'Tis the music of nature!
List, list to the voice!
It comes with the zephyr
Lone bosom rejoice!

What music is that which melts the morn
That fills to the brim joy's glittering bow
Which breathes in the blue lake, the bro
Whose symphonies float over forest and

'Tis the music of nature!
It now swells by,
On the wing of the night-
That farewells the sky!

Original Ta

THE TRAP DOOR

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES
BY A LADY OF PHILADE

CHAPTER I.

"And this is all the property I
world," said Leonard Rivers. "
possess an estate worth six or se
dollars a year! Some foul play
good cousin mine. I suspect, ne
tain, that you have cheated me o
heritance."

As this passed through the mind
man, he seated himself on the st
tree—once a glorious elm, but
scorched and blighted by the fire
the mansion house to the ground, it
down for firewood. Leonard Riv
about three and twenty: he had b
educated by his grandfather, whos
supposed to be, and as soon as he
college, was sent abroad to amuse
twelve-month. During his absence
ther died, and the only will that c
made the daughter of one of his n
been dead some years, heir to all
excepting the mansion house, loc
and five acres of greensl, in the m
the house stood.

"Now of what use would th
grounds, books and furniture hav
without an income?" thought Le
less it was intended that I shoul
and then how long would the mea
ed, even if the fire had not consume
has been chasing somewhere, at
to find it out."

The property in question was
the bank of a beautiful river, a
spot was highly cultivated. T
house had been well built in its ti
suited to a handsome income, such
possessed. The library was st
well chosen, and the furniture co
ple; nothing remained, however,
one of the wings, and even of th
not a room to shelter any one fr
ther.

Leonard turned round to look
he had slept on the bare floor
room of the wing, for three nig
question now was whether he sh
there and starve, or try and get a
tutor or clerk in some counting ho
eaten nothing but bread and fru
days, and found that abundant as
required something more. While
moodily looking at his broken pro
aproached him, a stout, good-look
faced fellow, with carpenter's too
his shoulder, and a small bundle

"I have lost my way, master,
Leonard, "and I am very tired, a
me to a place of entertainment."

"The nearest place is three mi
Leonard, "and night is coming o
be satisfied with some of these
and a crust of bread, you are welc
where I sleep, and that is on the
crazy ruin there."

"That will suit me exactly,"
"my bundle will serve for a p
thank you heartily."

So saying he walked to the ru
ted his tools and bundle within,
ed himself on the grass, at Leona

"This is a beautiful spot, sir,"
ing round, "that is a noble riv
hills beyond, make one long to tra
saw a hill or a mountain without
get at the top and look at the wo

"Have you ever been to Kings

"No, nor have I seen much
country, yet I have wandered a
deal. Folks say I am unsteady,
or other there were always soft
tar leaving the place I was in an
a better. I have a few good t
mon-ey in my pocket, and a clea
so I am not afraid of the future, I
get what Heaven ordained for m
clothing and shelter."

"You are far better off than
Leonard, "for I have to trade a
in my purse. This plot of gr
trees which grow on it are all I
world."

"Well, master, that is enough
sure you have learning, which
many a man makes a good livin
so never fear."

"I must try and sell this land
not at present bring my wife to
tune."

"Oh don't sell this beautiful
repent it, for some time or other
tuck rain, and then you will sig

Leonard smiled at the man
and fell into a musing fit. The
some peaches, and after eatin
strolled around until the crick
chop, and the dew to fall, and
turned to the old stump, he and
to their cheerless bed room.

"If you intend to stay abou
ranger," said the man, "I th
been a day or two and part
little, for a northeaster wo
your bones. The wall
side."

"I wish you would stay